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LIVES OF THE FELONS.

No. 1.

ROBERT SUTTON, ALIAS "BOB THE WHEELER."

The criminal records of no country perhaps present in the compass of an individual career so much of painful and amazing interest as attach to the first era of this notorious felon's life; and were his exploits and their results not substantiated by irrefragable proofs still fresh in the minds of many of our citizens, they would be discarded by even the most susceptible imaginations and condemned as the merest vagaries of fiction.

That our readers may the sooner be able to judge of this fact for themselves, we will without further preface commence with the actual events of his career.

Robert Sutton was born, as near as we can learn, in a village near the city of London, early enough in the last century to make him at present from fifty-five to sixty years of age. He was at the proper time of life apprenticed out to a wheelwright, but possessing a remarkably muscular frame and an extraordinary degree of physical strength and prowess, he allowed himself at an early age to be persuaded to abandon his handicraft, and cast his stalwart fortune in the circle of the prize ring.

It is not for us to describe the history of his pugilistic career. Suffice it that he justified the presage of his renown, and in a number of severe pitched fights, duly chronicled in "Boxiana," came off a creditable combatant and a conqueror. As a member of the fancy, *Bob the Wheeler*, (so nicknamed from his trade,) soon became acquainted with a number of the admiring *swell mob*, and from a boon companion of these genii, was easily moulded into a susceptible disciple. How far he progressed in their science or mingled in their practices on the other side of the water, there is no reliable account to say, but it is a fact, that in his twenty-fifth year he found London too hot to hold him, and deemed it more than advisable to seek an asylum in some foreign country. Having been brought to this state of mind, it is not strange to find that, like so many others of his class, he gave this land of the largest liberty his decided preference.

He arrived here somewhere in the immediate neighborhood of 1820, and after working at his trade a short time, set up an English beer-shop in Roosevelt street. This establishment he called the "Darby & Joan," and had its title properly certified by an illustration of that domestic couple on a sign before the door. It was situated nearly opposite a large livery stable, on the left hand side of the first block from Chatham street. The building, a small blue frame house, is still standing, and is known as number 24. This concern soon became the resort of all the most notorious English thieves and burglars in the city, and the pugilistic fame of *Bob the Wheeler* also drew together admiring crowds of the bellicose youngsters of the town.

Sparring exhibitions were given there; it was the place where all sporting matters from rat-catching to cock-fighting were



SUTTON'S "DARBY & JOAN," 24 ROOSEVELT STREET, NEW-YORK.

discussed; and the respective qualities and merits of "shoulder hitters" and "artful dodgers" weighed and waged with the precision of philosophy. By encouraging this spirit, the landlord was reaping a very cheering harvest, and whenever the fever flagged, he revived it by throwing himself into the field for a match, for the purpose of keeping up the profitable excitement. This went on very prosperously for four or five years, during which time, not satisfied with the large profits of a legitimate business, he occasionally amused himself with picking a pocket; but was obliged to abandon this line, in consequence of having been arrested in 1824 for a very clumsy attempt of the kind. Immediately after this, he formed a secret connection with three other rogues, who, for desperation, cunning, and capacity, have never been exceeded. The first of these was James Holdgate, an English pewterer or maker of fancy leaden toys, who, at the above date, had but recently arrived in this country. This man was employed by the Gas Company to repair the fixtures and metres of the various stores, and was therefore pitched upon by Sutton as a capital hand to learn all the secrets of the warehouses his vocation gave him access to, and also to get an impression of their keys. He therefore corrupted him to his purpose, and the result was several successful burglaries in rapid succession. At this period, a gentleman named "Moccasin" Jackson, deceived in the character of Holdgate, furnished him with \$1000, to start him in the pewterer's business; and in accordance with the offer, the gas-man established a shop at No. 3 Murray street, in the small two-story brick house which stood so many years in the rear of Tenney's (then Brewster's) jewelry store, on the corner of that street and Broadway.

The next member of the coalition was an Englishman of remarkable abilities and liberal education, named James Stevens, and a New Yorker named John Reed, who was also a man of superior acuteness and address, was the fourth. This party fully appreciated each other's abilities and felt a substantial confidence that their connec-

tion was bound to eventuate in the most striking results.

This organization was effected, so far as the three first were concerned, as early as the fall of 1824, but though they doubtless safely effected many depredations in the two years immediately succeeding their nefarious companionship, we cannot fix the strong presumption of any particular offence upon them until 1826, when a daring attempt was made to enter Brewster's jewelry store by undermining it through the cellar. The robbers however, not being able to accomplish their purpose in a single night, had the progress of their operations discovered on the following day, and their design of course defeated; but Holdgate, the honest and thriving pewterer next door, was never once suspected. He however shortly after moved away, and took up his residence in James street, near his old friend and pitcher, *Bob the Wheeler*.

About this time, Reed, who was a man of superior genius, began to exercise a controlling influence in the band, and proposed to change their system of downright burglaries, (the predominant policy of *Bob the Wheeler*,) to a more powerful and insinuating system of acquisition. This was forgery. He possessed acids which were capable of extracting from paper any name or figure, and his skill as a penman enabled him to counterfeit any name or sign with the most remarkable exactness.

His counsel prevailed, and the knavish cunning of the quartette set itself to work to invent modes of obtaining the desired signatures. Holdgate was entitled to the credit of suggesting the successful plan to effect this object; and Sutton, following his peculiar bent of mind, which was force, proposed that when address should fail, they should extend their operations by burglariously entering the stores of those merchants whose signatures they desired to obtain, and gather them from the papers or checks that they might find therein.—Holdgate's design was to make inconsiderable purchases of goods from those whom they intended as their prey, and by offering them a note of large amount induce them to give a check in change. This was

to be used at pleasure either for payment or imitation. By this means a check of \$40 on the North River Bank was obtained from Duncan Phyfe by a person named Shouler, who, being an expert in the way of a job, was, upon applying to the forgerates above named, allowed to put his luck upon that gentleman. Being so far successful, Holdgate took the check and forged one from it for \$1000. Shouler, being to have it altered to \$4000, was by Holdgate's prudence insured for the same sum. This was presented by the former party two hours after the good one had been paid, and it was cashed without demur. From this time we hear no more of Shouler, and his name vanishes from the records altogether. The probability is, that he was some poor journeyman knuck, who was tossed this job by way of keeping him from starvation.

A forgery on Abraham Le Foy, for \$760 on the North River Bank, another on James Grant, a tin worker, and several others, followed, which we will omit to enumerate, for the purpose of coming at the grand exploit of all.

It had long been the desire of the party to obtain the signature of the heavy firm of Howland & Aspinwall in Front street but all their attempts had failed. At length *Bob Sutton's* policy prevailed, and they determined to effect their primary object by a burglary. They therefore went together to that store on the evening of the 28th September, 1827, and at a little before nine o'clock, while all the clerks were busy in the counting-room above, and while wayfarers were passing up and down the street, Reed, with unparalleled audacity, advanced from the pier where the other three lay secretly in wait, and with a bunch of keys commenced the process of fitting one to the lock. After trying several, he at length succeeded in getting one that turned the bolt, but this was only effected at the expense of severely straining the lock. He then returned to his associates, and Sutton and Holdgate went away with him, leaving Stevens to watch the effect which the discovery of the injury would have upon the inmates of the store. About ten o'clock the last clerk attempted to fasten up, but finding after several attempts some unexpected obstruction in the lock, he left off in despair, and walked up and down, as if meditating what to do.—This lasted for an hour, and Stevens getting tired, and seeing no prospect of getting the work through that night, moved off to the "Darby & Joan," where, after a general consultation, Sutton was deputed to go down the next morning, and to ascertain what effect the circumstance had produced.

Sutton attended to the business at an early hour on the following day, and loitering about the pier, discovered the colored porter of the store at work sweeping it out. He sauntered carelessly up to him, and falling into conversation, learned that the circumstance had occasioned no surprise, as the lock had been but recently repaired. While thus engaged, he noticed some bits of paper among the rubbish, which the porter's broom was scattering before it, in the street, and on observing them closely, was overjoyed to find them checks. He watched his opportunity to pick them up unperceived, and noticing some others floating in the slip, he obtained them, also, by letting himself down in a boat, and picking them out of the water. All of



SUTTON FINDING HOWLAND'S CHECKS.

these were the cancelled checks of a Mr. J. Osborn. In the course of the 29th, Reed filed down and refashioned the key, and on the evening of that day, the whole quartette again started upon the expedition. They arrived before the store at a little before nine o'clock, and Reed, as before, advanced and tried the key. This time it turned as glib as oil, and he retired among the rest, to wait the departure of the occupants. At nine, a carriage came for Howland, and he drove away, and at ten, the last clerk locked up and departed. It was then determined by the band, that the business should be done that night, and they returned to the "Darby & Joan," to equip themselves for the enterprise. Disguises, a small crow, a brace and bits, a dark lantern, picks and skeletons for inner doors, and a variety of other articles of the burglar's kit, were prepared, and fully equipped, the conspirators started down Rosevelt street to the water. On arriving at the river they broke loose a boat by snapping her chain, and dropped down by the stream, opposite the store.

At midnight the whole party entered, and closing the door securely after them, rummaged the store till nearly day-break, securing in their search a variety of mercantile papers and several checks. Reed took the key of the iron safe in the wall and pocketed it, and he also took some silk handkerchiefs, a box of cigars, and a pair of pantaloons belonging to one of the clerks. Having got through, they abandoned the place, and separated to meet again at the "Darby & Joan" at night.

When the villains got together in their den on the evening after the burglary, a conversation was held as to the best manner of disposing of the articles obtained. After considerable debate, the conflicting opinions softened down into a general decision, that all, except a few of the most important papers, should be consigned to the flames. The grate which glowed before them received these dangerous tell-tales of their guilt, and only four of the checks were reserved for the purposes of their designs. They owed this special preservation entirely to the fact of their only being crossed or cancelled with ink, instead of being cut like those condemned to be destroyed. The above four were then delivered to Reed, whose charge it was to extract all the useless ink by the operation of the subtle and penetrating acids which he always carried in his possession. The council being over, and its deliberations thus concluded, the rogues separated, after indulging in a friendly drink all round to the future success of their schemes.

Among the cancelled checks was one for \$7,760 on the Union Bank, signed "G. G. & S. Howland;" another on the Bank of America, signed by "J. Osborn," which was filled in for \$4,900; another for \$3,500 on the Merchants' Bank, signed by Wm. H. Aspinwall. These were duly renovated in a little time by the skillful workman, and one of them, which had its signature accidentally destroyed by a careless application of the obliterating fluid, was at once replaced by an inimitable counterfeit.

Having proceeded thus far, it was decided that the dates of all should be left blank until a day should be agreed upon for their general presentation, and this was for a while deferred, in the hope of getting more signatures for other checks. The result of this postponement was the obtaining a check from Abram Lefoy, in change for a \$100 bill paid by Stevens for a lot of furniture, which, from \$40, was altered to \$700.

Several days had now elapsed from the time of the burglary, and yet the final scheme remained unconsummated. While remaining thus apparently in indecision, a new design was broached, and though none of the events which subsequently transpired leave trace of any hand but Stevens', there can be no doubt that the risks and profits of the enterprise were duly shared by all of his above accomplices.

The story can be best and most briefly told by the following extract from a morning paper of the 14th October, 1827:

"DARING ROBBERY.—We are again called upon to give an account of a daring robbery, which, from the method of its accomplishment, seems to connect itself with a series of similar depredations that have of late, from time to time, alarmed the community and defeated the sagacity of our energetic police. Sometime during the course of yesterday (Sunday) afternoon, while its proprietors were at church, the extensive warehouse of F. & H. Sheldon & Co., in Pearl street, was entered by some villains by the back way, and robbed of a large quantity of silk and lace French goods, amounting in value to several thousand dollars. No clue is yet obtained, but we sincerely hope our indefatigable police will be able to ferret out the villains and consign them to the hands of justice."

As we remarked before, this was subsequently proved to have been the work of Stevens, but it certainly does not require superhuman penetration to trace its origin and consummation to the whole secret representation of the "Darby & Joan."

The work could not have been accomplished by a single hand; who then would Stevens have more naturally sought for his assistants than his sworn confederates? The disposal of the goods must necessarily have required several agents. Could he have been better seconded than by the prompt and ready aid of these intimate associates?

The inevitable conclusion therefore is, that this, like the former, was a joint exploit, though peculiar considerations on the part of Stevens, which will be revealed hereafter, prevented its various features from accurate disclosure.

The accomplishment of this latter depredation precipitated the original scheme, and the Tuesday following (October 15th) was set apart for its final consummation. The preceding evening found all the rogues together in secret conclave, in Sutton's private apartments. The shutters were carefully closed, the doors locked, and every crevice and keyhole stopped that might convey a sound. Then, gathering round a table in the centre of the room, the villainous quartette debated in a cautious whisper on the arrangements to be adopted on the following day. Before them lay the fraudulent devices. Stevens was engaged in filling in the dates, and as they came in turn from the hands of the master-forger, they were anxiously examined by each member of the group. The checks being completed, it became necessary to decide who should take the bold responsibility of their presentation. This gave rise to considerable controversy, as each was desirous of shifting so dangerous an ordeal from himself. At length, however, an arrangement was made that inspired general satisfaction. It was agreed that Holdgate, assisted by Stevens, should present Aspinwall's check, as well as the large one on the Union Bank; and that Sutton and Reed should effect the collection of Osborn's and Lefoy's. This being settled, there were a few other preparations to make and precautions to be taken, to guard against eventual detection. In pursuance of these, Holdgate went to his own house and stealthily withdrew a plain dark suit of clothes and black fur hat, and deposited them at Sutton's for the service of the following day.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 15th October, the time appointed for the rendezvous, Holdgate was sweating over the fires in his pewterer's shop in James street, surrounded by his industrious apprentices, and looking, while apparently profoundly bent upon his honest labor, like anything but the daring swindler who was on the brink of a damning and audacious crime. Of a sudden he threw down his tools, and, wiping with his sleeve the perspiration that was streaming down his brow, remarked, with a loud voice, that "he believed he would step around to the 'Darby' for a moment and get a drop of ale."

The rest of the swindlers were already at the rendezvous, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Pewterer.

"What the h— can detain him?" exclaimed Stevens, pacing the floor in a fever of impatience. "It can't be that his heart

has failed, or that he hopes to cast his share upon my shoulders by this delay! If I thought so, I'd"—

"Has the gig been ordered?" inquired Reed, interrupting his brother forger.

"Yes," replied Sutton, though the question was not directed to him, "it has been waiting for him these ten minutes. I had it sent round to Pearl street, to avoid the observation of our neighbors, and all he has got to do is to jump into it, drive to the banks, get back in fifteen minutes to his shop, and he has got an alibi in his fist that the devil himself can't trip up."

Just as the host of the "Darby and Joan" concluded this expression, Holdgate came hastily in, and his entrance was greeted by a long-drawn breath of satisfaction. In an instant his pewterer's dress was discarded, piece by piece, and the simple and more gentlemanly garb, laid by on the previous night, was hastily assumed in its stead. Being dressed, he left the "Darby and Joan" with Stevens; and Sutton, after they had been gone a moment, followed round to Pearl street to say a parting word. It was there agreed that in case anything should go wrong, a rendezvous had better be appointed, at Niblo's Bank Coffee House in Pine street, and then all started on their several expeditions.

Stopping at the corner of Pine and William streets, Stevens and Holdgate sprang from the vehicle, and, leaving it in the charge of a boy, walked briskly down to Wall, carrying in their hands a couple of bank books, which they had provided themselves with for the purpose of assuming a business air.

Before offering the Howland check, Holdgate sent Stevens to reconnoitre. Obeying this direction, the latter entered the Union Bank, and observing a gentleman writing near the window, asked him if he were filling up "Bills on London?" Conceiving this to be an impertinent question, the clerk sharply answered "No!" and turning on his heel at this rebuff, the swindler left the bank and returned to Pine street, giving a signal to his confederate as he passed by him, that "all was right." Holdgate then entered boldly with a bank book in his hand, and bustling up to the desk with a business air, offered the check to the scrutiny of the paying teller. The treacherous missive cost but a single glance from the officer of the bank, and then was cashed without demur. Its proceeds were a \$5000 post note, two \$1000's, and a \$50 and a \$10. These were handed to Stevens, and he was directed to run into the Bank Coffee House and get the "Aspinwall" check for \$3,500 from Reed. This arrangement had been made to prevent more than one check being found upon the person in case of an arrest. Stevens found Reed cosily seated by the counter, with a cup of coffee in one hand and a huge pie in the other, apparently devoted to no other object in life than the alternate destruction of both. As the former approached him, Reed, without stopping to set down either the one or the other, stretched his head forward and said "You will find what you want in my hat." Stevens took it off, and having obtained the desired article, replaced the castor, and left the bar-room as Reed, with his mouth full, told him he "would soon see him down at his place."

Stevens and Holdgate then went into the Merchants' Bank together, and the latter presented the check. The teller took the paper in his hand, looked at it for a moment, and laid it down. Then scrutinizing the officer sharply, he looked at the check again, but at last commenced telling down the money. The forgers drew a long but subdued breath at this apparent escape. They, however, reckoned their game too soon. Suddenly the teller seemed struck with an idea. He paused in his task, and, with the uncounted bunch of notes in his fist, moved off towards one of the bookkeepers in a distant part of the room, and made him a communication. The forgers turned upon each other a corresponding glance of fear, and looked towards the door.

The trepidation was but momentary, however, and, unflinching as a rock, the imperturbable Pewterer calmly awaited the result. The bookkeeper hinted to the teller that something might be wrong, but seeing the man remaining so tranquilly at the counter, the suspicions of both were completely lulled. Two or three books were searched through, and the teller having satisfied himself that there were no funds in the bank to the credit of Mr. Aspinwall, and ascribing the whole circumstance to a mistake of the drawer, went back to the counter and informed the man the check was "not good."

"Not good!" exclaimed Holdgate, with considerable surprise, and with his accomplice, hurriedly left the bank. He then sprang into the gig, drove rapidly up town, resumed his pewterer's dress at the "Darby & Joan," and in twenty minutes after his departure from his workshop, was back again among his apprentices.

In the mean time Stevens had exchanged the \$5000 note at the U. S. Branch Bank, Sutton had cashed the "Osborn" check for \$4,900, at the Bank of America, and Reed, though it does not appear that he presented it himself, effected the collection of Lefoy's for \$700 on the North River Bank, and immediately afterward changed it at the Fulton.

Thus far all had gone smoothly on, and the successful rogues congregated again shortly after mid-day at the den in Rosevelt street. The enterprise, however, was not yet quite complete. A large portion of the money still remained unchanged, and the business of *smashing* it was consigned to Stevens and Holdgate conjointly. The latter first proceeded to the Franklin Bank and offered the \$500 note on the Union. The paying teller turning to the cashier, asked him if he should change it, and on receiving a reply in the affirmative, granted the request of his nefarious customer. Holdgate then crossed over to the Chemical Bank and changed \$1,500 more.

Following directly in his track, Stevens entered the Franklin Bank at or near half past two, and as he was proceeding to the desk to accomplish his purpose, the teller of the Union Bank came hastily in and inquired if any one had offered a \$5,000 post note there for change. On being answered in the negative, he directed that if such a bill were offered, the party presenting it should be arrested on the spot. He then went out muttering that "if people would scatter their checks carelessly about, the bank should not be the losers by it."

Instead of being deterred and alarmed by this, the genius of Stevens perceived that no opportunity could be more favorable to his purpose. Deciding in an instant, he therefore stepped boldly up to the desk, and, as he pulled out his money, asked what all that conversation had been about.

"Oh, some forgery, I suppose," said the teller carelessly, as he received fifteen hundred dollars from the forger's hands.

The notes, which were the proceeds of Osborn's check on the Bank of America, were then changed into bills of smaller denominations on the Franklin, and, congratulating himself on his boldness and success, the swindler left the bank.

Thus was completed, from first to last, one of the most artful, profound and skilful depredations that perhaps ever was committed: a depredation evincing in its various stages a combination of deep and calculating foresight—a prompt, penetrating and accurate sagacity, added to a degree of cool and audacious intrepidity, that excites our mingled amazement, horror, and admiration.

Released from the intense anxieties of the previous fortnight, the gratified rogues, after dividing their spoil, celebrated their good fortune in an evening debauch at the "Darby and Joan," amusing themselves occasionally with a humorous but smothered rehearsal of the little incidents which were attached to the several stages of their dramatic crime.

Having now reaped the harvest of their ingenuity and persevering efforts, it became necessary for the rogues to neglect no measure that might conduce to guard against suspicion or detection. In view of this consideration, Stevens and Reed resolved to leave the city, and on the second day after their great exploit they accordingly departed for Boston and Philadelphia respectively; the former taking with him to the first mentioned place, among his other plunder, the register of the schooner "Edgar," which had been obtained from Howland's store and saved on account of the numerous signatures it contained; and Stevens, carrying with him to the Quaker city a few of the important Howland papers, which had been preserved for similar reasons, as well as a considerable amount of the less bulky valuables of the Messrs. Sheldon's.

The host of the "Darby and Joan" and the Pewterer were by no means sorry at this decision. Both Reed and Stevens, being in no business, lived a suspicious sort of life, and Reed, from previous arrests, was already well known to the police. Their company was, therefore, dangerous in itself, and might be made doubly so from an act of casual imprudence.

The arrangements suited all alike. It

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afforded the two latter an opportunity of gratifying their natural propensity for extravagance and luxury without danger, while it enabled the Pewterer and the Pugilist to smother their crimes without dread of implication through the acts of others.

Having now obtained a breathing spell from the direct routine of our history, we may here devote ourselves to the slight examination of the earlier histories of Reed and Stevens, before plunging again into the mass of detail which follows in the train of the above offence.

We avoided doing this at first, that we might not confuse the course of our relation.

CHAPTER II.

Reed, the only American engaged in the above confederacy, had long been what is technically called, in the flash slang of thieves, a "a crossman," and in the course of his career had become thoroughly known to the police. He was by trade a tailor, and was the son of an industrious grocer of George's (now Market) street, of this city. The first recorded trace of his criminal operations was the commission of a grand larceny in 1816, for which he was arrested by Jacob Hays, and on conviction of which he was duly sentenced to the State's Prison for five years. Having served his time out, he was discharged in 1821, and was shortly afterwards arrested by the same officer for pilfering at a fire. The punishment for this offence he, however, fortunately escaped, by the non-appearance of any owners for the stolen goods found upon his person; and immediately upon his release he improved his liberty by fleeing from a city whose untiring police tracked him at every turn. He accordingly shaped his course to Pittsburg, and from thence to New Brunswick; and shortly after his arrival at the latter place, committed a forgery on the New Brunswick Bank, and was sentenced to the prison of that State for a term of five years. A few days after his incarceration, he managed to break prison and escape, and by the kindness of an outside friend, who supplied him with a change of clothes, he managed to secure an immediate retreat to Philadelphia. He had been there but a few weeks, when, in connection with his new pal, he committed a forgery on the Bank of North America, for which he was tried before the Mayor's court of that city, and sentenced for three years. He proved to be a refractory prisoner, and at the expiration of the term of his sentence, was detained some weeks over his time for threatening two of the keepers. During the period of this latter detention, Mr. Hays informed the authorities in charge of the establishment, of Reed's previous escape from the prison at New Brunswick, and told them that he was wanted at the latter place for the remainder of his punishment. He was told, however, in reward for his trouble, that "they did not know anything about it," and immediately afterwards the convict was discharged at the intercession of the keepers before mentioned, and on the express condition that he should never again pollute that town with his presence; "a promise which," remarks the Philadelphia United States Gazette, of March, 1828, (in an account of his subsequent offences,) "he has most faithfully kept." From Philadelphia, Reed returned to New York, the scene of his earlier transgressions, relying upon the length of his absence and his altered appearance to evade the recognition of the police. Here he fell in with Stevens, who had about a year before arrived in the country, from the West Indies, and who, attracted by Reed's great reputation among "crossmen," at once sought his acquaintance. We shall here postpone for a few lines an account of the results of this brilliant connection, to sketch the previous career of Stevens to the latter period, and then we shall run smoothly along with the contemporaneous histories of all.

Stevens, as we said before, was an Englishman, and a man of fine talents, elegant appearance, liberal education, and accomplished manners.* At the time we speak of, he was a man of some thirty years of age. What his early career in his native country had been we have no accurate means of ascertaining, but we hear of his figuring to considerable advantage, as early as 1820, in St. Bartholomew's and St. Thomas', in the West Indies. In the former place, as in the latter, he represented himself as a wealthy gentleman of leisure, and was unhesitatingly admitted to the best

circles of society. He reaped a professional advantage from this intercourse in St. Bartholomew's, by a forgery of some extent, and at St. Thomas' he succeeded in swindling a wealthy lady, whom he had fascinated by his personal attractions, of a considerable sum of money. For this exploit, however, he was obliged to decamp, in consequence of an anticipated exposure from a gentleman who recognized him as the adventurer of St. Barts.

From St. Thomas', Stevens departed abruptly to Havana, and on his arrival at that place decided upon altering his "chant" (name) to that of Henry T. Erskine, Esq., representing himself as the eldest son and heir presumptive to Lord Erskine. Borne out by his abilities, and recommending himself by the remarkable fascination of his manners, the noble young Englishman soon became the lion of the place, and the dark-eyed beauties of the Palace Square and the Paseo flashed upon him their most encouraging and admiring glances.

For a season his star reigned in the ascendant, but having extended his operations to an extravagant degree, his position began to be unsteady, and he was fain to make arrangements for a change of residence again.

During this decisive winter campaign, Stevens had formed an acquaintance (of what particular nature it does not appear) with two young brothers of the name of Hart; and they, like himself, were at the above-mentioned time actuated by some equally stringent motive for a secret and speedy departure. They all three accordingly made their preparations, and avoiding the sentries on the Mole, got off in a schooner bound for New York.—Stevens, as a crowning exploit, obtaining a sum of £500 from an English gentleman on the very day of his exit. Shortly after the arrival of the trio here, the two brothers committed suicide at a boarding house in Nassau street, though what was the cause of the act never was distinctly shown.

Following the natural instinct of a rogue, Stevens soon found out the "Darby & Joan," and there formed the acquaintance and professional connection of which we have spoken, with "Bob the Wheeler" and his protégé, the Pewterer. Together, this trio drove a thriving trade, one of the features of which we have already noticed in the attempted burglary on the rich jewelry store on the corner of Murray street and Broadway. There were several other crimes, of which the lapse of time has barely left a trace, and which the absence of recorded particulars renders us unable to include with any satisfactory precision.

The news of Reed's discharge from the Philadelphia State Prison made a profound impression upon the above party, who admired a "family man" (a first class man), with all the professional ardor of their souls, and each promised to keep a keen look out, in case he should come to the city, to secure his talents, by inducing him as a member of their circle. We have intimated before, that Stevens was the successful man in finding him out, and it is our duty now to record the air of triumphant pride with which that gentleman led him by the hand into the council closet of the "Darby." Reed expressed as much gratification at the flattering reception accorded him by his new associates as they did satisfaction at his acquaintance, and, overflowing with a keen sense of their attentions, he thanked them with a burst of feeling, and pledged himself a thorough-going pal to their designs.

His introduction was signalized with an elegant supper, and the dark souls of the quartette mingled their perverted impulses in a natural and involuntary overflow of professional sentiment. "What a piece of work is man!" Debase him as you will, you cannot deprive him of a single attribute! Mark the extreme, and you merely shift the scale. The felon still retains the same pride, the same hopes, the same attachments, the same ambition to excel, and the same dread of sinking in degree, as ever. The classes which he has abandoned may sneer at and condemn, but he will find lesser circles that will reverence and admire. The hatred of mankind may bar him out from general intercourse, but still he has his little outcast world that lets in its measure of Elysium. To the poles of its diameter he is a true man; beyond—a social Ishmael, bearing the mark and curse of Cain.

The philosophy of the whole matter lies in a nut-shell. Though degraded and debased below the lowest class in the category, thieves nevertheless are men. As

such, they are the mere disciples of a peculiar creed, and bear contumely and oppression for opinion's sake as well as the best martyr that ever perished for disputing the color of Mahomet's mule, or the snuffing or unsnuffing of the communion candles. They have chosen their risk in the great game of life. Gold is the only incentive; liberty their stake; disgrace, the prison, and the scaffold, their hazards.

Stevens and Reed, from the peculiar formation of their minds and bent of their genius, immediately formed a strong personal attachment to each other, and together they accomplished many characteristic exploits without the aid or complicity of their two before-named associates. It may be, that the Sheldon robbery lay entirely between them. At any rate, shortly after their connection (two years previous to the commission of the Howland burglary), they robbed the rail between New York and Philadelphia of a large amount of money, among which were ten post notes of the Messrs. Allens, of Wall street, of \$500, each of which we are to speak anon.

We have now regularly traced the progressive formation of this arch coalition to the original starting point of our narrative. It might have been more methodical to have begun with these latter abstracts of biography as a preliminary, but we held it to be a duty to the rascal whom we had selected as our hero, to take up the circle of events where they first revolved around his personal exploits.

At the point of the above biographical digression, we left the parties on the day after "passing the soft," on the eve of a voluntary dissolution. Stevens went to Philadelphia, and Reed, mindful of the pledge given on his discharge from the Pennsylvania prison, refused to accompany him, but turned north to Boston. The first trace we find of the former's operations in the Quaker city was the receipt, by Messrs. F. & H. Sheldon & Co., of a letter dated "U. S. Hotel, Philadelphia, October 18th," the writer of which advised them "to spare themselves any further trouble and expense in searching after their goods, as they had already been disposed of, and the money for them obtained." This admirable specimen of address and impudence was of course anonymous.

On the morning of the 16th of October, the day after the presentation of the checks, the town was in a buzz of wonder at the magnitude, extent, and audacity of the fraud, and connecting the forgeries at once with the burglary upon the Howlands' store, the whole city press declared them to be but succeeding links in an extended chain of similar offences.

Merchants were alarmed, safes were purchased by those who were without, stores with valuable stock had their locks immediately changed, hundreds of private watchmen were engaged as additional security in various quarters of the town, the bank books of all important houses were sent in to every institution to be balanced, and the startled bankers looked in eager apprehension over their accounts, to see if they, like the recent sufferers, had not been made victims of the arch abilities of the same mysterious penditit. Public curiosity was at its height, the police spread like a pulk of Cossacks on a charge, darting in every direction, and the whole town was wondering who the mysterious man in the dark clive colored coat, who had come like an evil spirit and vanished like a vision, could be.

While search and inquiry was going on in all quarters, and the sagacity and penetration of every adult in the county were concentrated on surmises as to the offender of the checks, a gentleman named TIMOTHY B. REDMOND, then keeping a large and flourishing establishment in Pearl street, under the name of the "U. S. Hotel," took part, like all around him, in the prevailing wonderment. Unfortunately for himself, without being aware of it, he bore a likeness to the Pewterer so miraculously exact, that it afterwards, as will be seen, baffled the scrutiny of the most keen observers, and eventuated in one of the most singular and remarkable events of individual misfortune that perhaps ever was recorded as springing from such a cause. Leaving this, however, to its gradual development, we shall now proceed, without further interruption, with the regular course of events.

Three or four days after the elopement of Stevens and Reed, Jacob Hays, who suspected Holdgate from the personal description given at the different banks, directed officer Homan to proceed to James

street and arrest him. Homan found the Pewterer busily engaged in his workshop, and informing him that he was "wanted," though without communicating the particular reason why, told him to change his dress and follow him. Affected by the most unbounded surprise, the artisan threw off his apron, and putting on a soiled mole-skin coat that laid near at hand, obeyed the direction of the servant of the law. The olive coat and hat had wisely been destroyed. Holdgate was then taken in succession to the various banks, where he had figured with such sinister effect a few days before, but not an officer of any of the institutions before named, could recognize in the rough outside of the tail-stained and diffident mechanic, the gentlemanly superior, the bold, confident, and countenance of the accomplished swindler. He was consequently released without any more demur, and returned again triumphant to his shop.

All at fault again, the police directed their attention to other visionary clues, none of them, however, falling on the main projector of the burglary, then contentedly smoking his pipe and chatting with his customers in Rosevelt street.

Two or three days after Holdgate's arrest and discharge, Timothy B. Redmond, the hotel keeper before named, put on an olive green dress coat and a shabby fur hat, both of which had long formed a portion of his wardrobe, and started out on some business in Wall street.

As he passed the Union Bank, Daniel Ebbetts, the paying teller, who had cashed the \$7,760 check for Holdgate, was standing on the steps of that institution. The instant his eye fell upon Redmond, he started. Good fortune had at length revealed the swindler. He thanked his lucky stars, and followed hastily in the steps of the unconscious and unsuspecting publican. On arriving at his hotel, Redmond went in and left the amazed pursuer at the door. The latter soon found out the name of the person whom he had pursued, and bursting with his discovery, flew to communicate his tidings to the police and to claim their aid. His intelligence was eagerly devoured by the theretofore baffled department, but it was necessary to proceed in this case with caution. Redmond was a man of unblemished reputation, and should a mistake be made by any unwise precipitation, all parties concerned might be made to suffer most severely. Homan was charged with the business, and Ebbetts was directed to get Edward A. Nicoll, of the Merchants' Bank, to help identify him. Nicoll was accordingly waited upon by Ebbetts, with the information that he had found the forger of the 15th, and on the 25th October, the two went together to the U. S. Hotel, and there the former pointed Redmond out to him through the glass door which opened from the hall into the bar-room. The instant Nicoll saw Redmond he was struck with the conviction of his being the swindler of the 15th, and substantiating the testimony of the teller of the Union Bank, poor Redmond was arrested on the following day.

It is unnecessary to attempt to describe the effect of this thunderbolt upon the innocent accused. The papers spread his name from east to west, and several circumstances, trifling in themselves, were industriously linked together to pile an accumulated infamy upon his head.

Still the authorities were obliged to tread with cautious steps upon the surface of a character till then without a stain, and the examination which was held in the matter resulted in his discharge for the time, in the hope that circumstances, now that suspicion had fallen upon the trail of truth, might reveal facts that would turn uncertainty into conviction. In the month time Redmond was to be watched and a searching inquiry made of every thing connected with his business, his habits or his associates.

The community, ready to adopt the first impression, had adopted the idea of his guilt. The papers of the day, colored it by ambiguous expressions, and dwelling with the gradual progress of the mail, they spread their fatal injuries from city to city.

Among other places the arrest communicated its share of sensation to Dover, Delaware, and a low fellow named John Ware, who was displaying a profusion of money in that town, was suspected of being one of Redmond's accomplices. Word was immediately written on to our police, and in answer to it, Hays and Homan despatched to that city to arrest him.

(To be continued in our next number.)

* Stevens was said to be an illegitimate son of George III. On what authority we cannot learn.

No. 2.

JAMES SMITH,

ALIAS HONEYMAN, ALIAS EDWARDS,

THE CELEBRATED CITY BANK ROBBER.

The subject of the following sketch, now incarcerated in the Tombs on a charge of participation in the robbery of the Poughkeepsie barge Clinton, of \$34,000 in April last, is, in common with the most notorious felons who infest our continent, a native of England. The city of London claims the honor of his birth, and the district, or county, of Surrey shares the credit with the metropolis itself. This event, so important to our history, took place in 1795. Our hero is, consequently, fifty years of age. Springing from respectable parents, Smith received the ordinary term of common school education, and at a proper age was apprenticed out to a morocco dresser. Intelligent and industrious, he soon proved an excellent workman; but being disposed to frolic, he soon became the associate of loose and dangerous companions. During the latter part of the period of his apprenticeship, he contracted a rather intimate connection with a young girl, whom, upon obtaining his majority, he married. Disgusted with his laborious occupation, and having acquired settled habits of enjoyment, Smith resolved to change his course of life; and accordingly, with a small sum which he had scraped together by saving and borrowing, set up a public house, or beer-shop, in the vicinity of the Surrey theatre.

His house unfortunately attracted the attention and patronage of the thieves of the *quartier*, and it soon became the resort of a gang of the most accomplished knaves that infested London. This demoralising association could not fail in communicating its debasing influence upon a disposition so tractable as Smith's, and in a short time an exploit, which, a year or two before would have been regarded with instinctive horror, was only seen in the light of an exciting and alluring enterprise.

From receiving stolen goods, and *smashing* (changing) stolen money, Smith soon aspired to a more active part; and during a period of two or three years he was the successful participant in a number of skillful robberies. At length one of his designs miscarried, and he was suspected, among others, of a daring burglary. Obligated to avoid pursuit, he judged it to be the most prudent course to put the Atlantic between him and his pursuers, and to try his talents in an unturned field; and, following out this resolution, he landed in New York in 1821.

Though the proceeds of his former business profits and the avails of his last successful depredation had made him master of a comfortable sum, Smith chose first to consecrate his character in our hemisphere by dedicating it ostensibly to honorable effort. He accordingly applied for, and obtained, work at his trade from Jonathan Trotter, leather dealer in the Swamp, and at the same time set up a beer-shop, in the name of his wife, on the S. E. corner of Roosevelt and Madison streets.

This establishment did quite a thriving business and soon afforded its owner a pretext for abandoning his laborious daily occupation. Devoting himself to the house, Smith soon gathered around him all the nefarious talent in the city, and numbered in the combination some of those old associates whose successive miscarriages in the old world had obliged to seek securer quarters in the new. Together, these parties devised oblique aggressions upon the property of our citizens, and for a long period of time triumphed in success without suspicion. Smith was peculiarly fortunate in all his expeditions and enterprises, and being the leader of the crowd and master of the rendezvous, amassed the richest harvest. His depredations had begun, however, to excite the attention of our then vigilant police, and in one case he was only saved from detection in the very act of committing a burglary in Brooklyn, by a perilous leap from a second story window. He was arrested for the offence nevertheless, on the following day, but in consequence of an insufficiency of evidence, and some adroit maneuvering on the part of his attorney, he managed to escape.

Upon this mishap, Mrs. Smith thought

it prudent to alter her location, so she accordingly abandoned the neighborhood where her husband had become too famous, and transferred her establishment to the lower part of Nassau street, on the block next above the custom-house.

Being now spotted by the police, and a check put upon his operations, Smith cast about for a scheme which, at a single stroke, might make him rich, and enable him to seek a new meridian, an affluent man. While his brain was thus laboring for a design, the idea suddenly struck him that he might successfully make an entrance into the City Bank, a brick building then situated upon the site of the present institution, in Wall street. He communicated his design to two accomplices, named Murray and Parkinson, both experienced English thieves, the latter being the same man at present implicated with him in the recent robbery of the Poughkeepsie barge. Smith's suggestions were greedily adopted, and Parkinson being the least known, was deputed to obtain the impression of the outer lock. This was obtained in a few days, and the craft of Murray fashioned the instrument that was required to seduce it.

Being thus armed for their exploit, the next object was to effect an entrance. A dark and stormy night favored their project, and Parkinson being placed upon the watch to give a signal when they might securely venture out, the other two knaves approached the door, and after a little effort slipped safely in. An obstacle met them, however, in the first few steps. Another door opposed its barrier to their further progress. Picks and skeletons were tried without avail. No resource was left but to take an impression of this lock, as of the other, and repeat their task. This was done, and another entrance made, but still without effect. They were barred from their object by another door, which obliged them to their previous course. Finally the fastenings of the vaults themselves disappointed them for the last time, and thus, after having made four several entrances, they were again

"Sent bootless home and back!"

At length success rewarded their endeavors. The fifth effort was triumphant, and the anxious scout outside, after the lapse of a painful half hour, had the felicity of hearing from his accomplices when they finally emerged from the gloom of the building, that they had been successful. The parties returned to Smith's house, and upon examination found themselves in possession of a sum of \$200,000. A partial division took place, and among the share of Parkinson was a parcel of Rutland County Bank notes to the amount of \$11,000, which had been a special deposit of the firm of the Messrs. Allen, brokers, with the City Bank for safe keeping, and 360 doubloons, in gold, also a special deposit, and the whole property of a Spaniard, who, upon learning his total ruin, committed suicide. After the distribution, the parties separated, Murray taking refuge in a private house in James street, Parkinson leaving for Jersey City, and Smith conveying his trunks the same night to the wharf at the foot of Barclay street. When the night boat from Albany came in, Smith, who was standing on the sidewalk with his baggage, hailed a cartman, and representing himself as having just arrived, desired to be taken to a private boarding house. He was then conveyed to a house in Elm street, near Grand.

On the following day, the town was struck with wonder and astonishment at the audacity of the robbery, and amidst the general confusion and surprise which it created, the bank offered a reward of \$5,000 for the detection of the thieves. Curiosity increased from day to day, and the mystery, during the canvass of every probability, kept growing deeper and deeper, while the horrible fate of the unfortunate Spaniard lent it a shade of horror.

Ten days had elapsed, and still the main perpetrator slept snugly in his new domicile. A danger was brewing about his head, however, of which he little dreamt. His singular habits and conduct had excited the curiosity of the servant girl, and her mind was seriously occupied with keen conjectures as to his motive for locking himself up all day, with all the shutters of his chamber closed, and also as to his reasons for seldom venturing out except at night. The doubt was too distressing for her female bosom, and she sedulously devoted herself to guard-duty at the key-hole, until a lucky misplacement of the key rewarded her perseverance by a peep inside. A moment's scrutiny sufficed her,

and, bursting with her secret, she hurried to the master of the house, and informed him that the strange man was counting over lots of gold, and that the whole bed was covered with bank notes. Suspecting at once that this was the identical robber of the City Bank, the landlord hurried to the police office. He of course naturally inquired for Old Hays, that remarkable officer, whose fame was then co-equal to that of the police itself. Hays at once knew from the description of the man it must be Smith, and taking Homan, another officer with him, set out with the landlord for the place. To their disappointment they found the robber gone. The servant, in attempting to renew her investigations, had alarmed him, and he had left the house with the intention of seeking for a new location. His trunks, however, were fortunately unremoved, and upon an examination of them, a large portion of the money of the City Bank was found to make up the bulk of their contents. Having this guarantee for the return of the depredator, the officers waited calmly for his re-appearance. At the grey of evening, Smith came in, and upon being told a gentleman wished to see him, turned to meet the penetrating glance of the High Constable. The victim of his gaze turned pale, trembled, and suddenly fell back with a presentiment of danger. It was too late, for in the next instant he shrunk beneath the inflexible grasp of both the servants of the law. In due time he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to the State Prison for five years; the utmost penalty of the law.

Murray, alarmed at this, shaped his course for Philadelphia, where he was at length arrested, sent on here, and finally sentenced for the same term as Smith. He subsequently died in the State Prison, after serving out two years of his term.

After the conviction of her husband, the disconsolate Mrs. Smith removed back to the corner of Roosevelt and Madison streets, and solaced herself in the attachment of a young Englishman, whom she made her bar-keeper, and who was entitled to this preference and distinction from the fact of a previous acquaintance on the other side of the water.

Several months had now elapsed since the conviction of Smith and Murray; and Parkinson, who was living unsuspected with his booty, had already *smashed* or changed a large portion of the money. Feeling perfectly safe, now that the affair had ceased to excite the active attention of the police, he took a considerable sum of the Rutland Bank bills to Wall street for the purpose of converting them into other cash. As his unlucky stars would have it, he went into the office of the Messrs. Allen, the very owners of the special deposit, of which the notes he had with him were a part. The first one offered was recognized at once, and the unlucky rogue taken into custody. The business was then placed in the hands of Benjamin Hays, long known as one of our most efficient officers, and he, in the course of its diligent prosecution, made a complete search of Parkinson's house. This resulted in no direct success—so far as the business in hand was concerned—but there was found upon the premises a gold watch, of which Mr. Slamm, the father of the present Levi D. Slamm, had been robbed some time before upon the highway, and for which offence a man had a few days before been sentenced to the State Prison.

This sufficiently implicated Parkinson as a thief, and not being able to account satisfactorily for the possession of the Rutland money, he was fully committed for trial. While in prison, however, he managed to effect a compromise with the prosecution, and upon condition of delivering up \$16,000, he was released. The Rutland money was then found, by his direction, to be concealed in the bottom of a common jack-plane which laid carelessly upon his work-bench, and which the officers in examination of his premises had several times had in their hands, and the unfortunate Spaniard's doubloons lay secreted in the false bottom of his tool chest.

Smith served his time out, and at the expiration of his term, returned to this city to see his wife, but to his surprise and discomfort, he found her in possession of the man who was acting as the ostensible bar-keeper, or rather master, of the crib. Expecting his visit, she had made up her mind to act decidedly, and plainly told him that there could be no farther intercourse between them. She then made an appointment to see him on the following day at a house in Canal street. The meeting

took place, and on condition of his releasing all claims upon her, she gave him a suit of clothes, and counted out to him a handsome sum of money. With this new start in the world, and with a heavy heart at this desertion by his partner of life, Smith went to Massachusetts. His wife shortly afterward sold out her establishment, and, with her man of business, retired to the western part of this State, where they have ever since lived as man and wife, and where he has managed to achieve a high official station, in which he has long acquitted himself with honor and credit. It is for this reason that we forbear mentioning his name.

In Boston, Smith immediately returned to his old pursuits, and by the natural freemasonry of crime, formed connections with, and drew around him the principal rogues of that city. For a time he was extremely successful in his nefarious pursuits, but at length, in an unlucky hour, being detected in the very act of *frisking a dummy*, or stealing a pocket-book, in a crowd, he was cut short in his career, and sent to the Massachusetts State Prison for three years.

This second lesson over, Smith came out and returned to this city. He was destitute, but he had talents and a character, and ran no risk of starving while an old associate lived who knew his worth. He fell accidentally upon Miller, better known to our old officers as "Cupid," an accomplished and notorious pickpocket, who at once took him to his bosom as a deserving confederate, and introduced him to the other *pals* who were then in daily communication with him. Miller, moreover, made him his partner in a pretended gold-beating establishment, and introduced him to his old *pal* Parkinson, who, meantime, had been residing in New Jersey, in very handsome style. Here was a connection that could not fail to be productive of vast results. Knowing all the "crossmen" of the country, and possessing a high reputation among their fellows, they may be regarded as having been the source and main-spring of the numerous felonies which have from time to time disturbed our community, and baffled our officers. The proceeds of their various depredations during the last three years, has enabled them all to live in affluence, and to amass a fund intended to operate as the common resource and sheet-anchor of either, or of all, in case of detection—a resource which, by the way, saved Monsieur Cupid about a year ago, by purchasing straw bail for him to the amount of \$3,000 in a case of grand larceny.

Smith, out of the proceeds of his dividends from this co-partnership, hired a handsome cottage in 51st street, between the Bloomingdale road and the Eighth avenue, about a year ago, (where he lived, with his daughter, under the name of Edwards,) and which, furnished in splendid style, served also as the residence of "Cupid," and the *tête du pont*, or head-quarters of the gang, for immediate operations. Parkinson had purchased himself a beautiful farm of one hundred and fourteen acres at Woodbridge, New Jersey, with a fine mansion upon it filled with the most sumptuous furniture, which answered as a safe retreat during the first bustle of inquiry; and the three together have more recently occupied the shop at No. 118 William street, as carvers and gilders, under the firm of Honeyman & Miller. Thus it will be seen, that their plans were admirably arranged, and their pursuits most effectually masked.

Being wholly and untiringly devoted to felonious enterprises, these confederates were continually engaged in devising plans and ferreting out means of plunder; and Parkinson, in the course of his individual peregrinations and investigations, found out that large amounts of money were frequently transmitted on board the barge Clinton, running between this city and Poughkeepsie. For the purpose of acquainting himself thoroughly with all the particulars of the circumstance, and of learning the habits of the hands on board, he made several trips up and down the river on various pretexts, and by his appearance and representations, impressed all on board with the belief that he was a business man. At the conclusion of these excursions, he would hasten to his accomplices and consult over the facts which he had picked up.

At length these indefatigable efforts bore a prospect of reward, for Parkinson had learned, while on board of the barge on a day in the early part of last April, that a large amount of money was to be transmitted that afternoon, and, accordingly, ac-

quainted his accomplices with the fact. Smith, Cupid, and Davis, alias Dick Collard, and perhaps others, for all the particulars have not yet developed themselves, then proceeded to the barge for the purpose of watching their opportunity to obtain possession of the property. The coveted amount was a sum of \$34,000, mostly in bills on the Poughkeepsie Bank, and it was deposited in a safe in the Captain's office. At twenty minutes before five o'clock, the Captain of the barge locked his safe, and afterwards his office, and left the boat for a few moments. Seizing this fortunate opportunity, a guard was set against interruption of the actual workmen in the business, and one of the party (Dick Collard, doubtless,) aided by a false key, entered the office, and, with another, opened the safe, obtained possession of the prize, and then suddenly decamped. For months no clue could be gained calculated to throw light upon the perpetrators of the deed, and the rogues rejoiced safely in the proceeds of their villany. Smith, Cupid, and the party to which they belonged, were suspected, but it was judged imprudent to arrest them and put them on their guard before some substantial evidences were obtained.

In the month of July last a letter was received at the Police, stating that a \$20 note of the Poughkeepsie Bank had been exchanged in Rahway, N. J. Shortly after, Justice Taylor, who had taken the business actively in hand, discovered that another note of the same amount had been passed at the Jersey City Ferry. Three or four more followed at the same place, and were at length found to come from Parkinson. He was then closely watched for several weeks, and from his habit of sailing now and then in the steamboat plying between this city and New Brunswick, his residence at Woodbridge was discovered. Though proof enough was already had against him, great caution was necessary in his arrest, as none of his accomplices were yet found, and it was feared his apprehension on this latter charge would put them all on their guard. A fortunate circumstance, entirely unconnected with the robbery, occurred to lend its assistance to the business. A gentleman who was building a cottage in Brooklyn, became surprised at the disappearance of a servant girl whom he had brought with him from England, and unable to account for it he made inquiries about in different directions, and among other things, bethought him of applying to his master-carpenter, with whom he had seen her conversing a few days before. The builder assured him he knew nothing of her, but told him he would give him a letter to a person whom he thought could tell him where she was, and, accordingly, directed a letter to Parkinson. The gentleman called on Parkinson at his shop in William street, and from his position when the latter opened the letter, saw that it was directed on the inside to "Mr. Edwards" (Smith's alias.) On his remarking "Your name is not Edwards?" Parkinson replied, "No, but the writer is a very familiar friend of mine, and addresses me thus through fancy." The gentleman, suspecting something, then made known the facts to Justice Taylor, who at once saw in them an opportunity to accomplish his objects. He now directed Parkinson's arrest. This was effected on his arrival from New Jersey in the Raritan, and he was conveyed in a cab to the Upper Police. There the true cause of his arrest was carefully concealed, and he was only charged with the offence of the abduction of the girl, and the letter of the carpenter found upon his person was evidence against him. Parkinson protested for a length of time his entire innocence in the matter, but being pressed closer and closer, at length admitted the girl was at Smith's house, which he described to be in 51st street, as before mentioned. This information having been thus adroitly wound from him, he was informed of the true nature of the charge against him, and went to his cell consumed with mortification and despair at having been thus overreached to his own destruction.

The officers who arrested Parkinson were then dispatched to Smith's. They arrived at his house at the fashionable dinner hour, and found mine host regaling himself, in company with the veritable Cupid and Monsieur Davis, in the delicacy of dessert. The party, after protesting against this rough invasion of their rights, resorted to resistance, and Smith's daughter (a woman between 23 and 25 years of age) lent them a hand by striking at one of

the officers with a knife, which she had seized from the table. Davis contrived for a moment to slip out of the room, but being followed immediately by Westfield, was pursued to an upper chamber and detected in an attempt to hide something between the beds, which proved to be a roll of the Poughkeepsie money, of which an amount of \$300, in all, was found upon him. Miller, or "Cupid," made a most determined resistance, but was finally ironed, and, with the other two, conveyed to their present location, the Tombs. It is proper to mention here that the servant girl who had so mysteriously disappeared, was found at Smith's house, apparently very well content with her lot.

Parkinson's house at Woodbridge was next searched, and a sum of \$226 of the stolen money secured. \$200 of this amount consisted of bills of the Rahway Bank, which Mrs. Parkinson confessed having obtained from that institution herself in change for three Poughkeepsie notes, viz: one \$100 and two \$50's. These were, of course, returned to the bank and the original notes obtained.

The shop in William street was the next subject of investigation, and after a thorough search a sum of \$2,300 was found secreted between a second story window and the outside blind, among a lot of old glass and tin. For this there is no claimant, as all the parties wisely deny all knowledge of it. Thus far, therefore, \$2,826 have been secured, and it is not improbable that the great bulk of the whole depredation may come back to compromise the depredators out of the dangerous clutches of the law. Three attempts have already been made for their release in the way of bail, both of which, however, have signally failed. The public will not in their case however tolerate the rule which allows the offender's "gilded hand to buy out the law" at the mere price of a "straw." They have, therefore, no hope short of the heavier disgorgement of a compromise. Parkinson, who once so successfully escaped in this way, and who appears to be actuated by a very sincere desire to enjoy the luxuries of his magnificent country residence again, may perhaps be induced to save himself in this case by turning State's evidence. The chances of this result are materially enhanced by the fact that he has already stated that his three accomplices are "the right men." We have therefore before us the probable spectacle of another instance of the meanest villain of the crew escaping by betraying the associates whose crimes and whose plunder he has shared.

SMITH is about five feet six inches in height, and of a square and solid build. His head is round, his forehead retreating, and bald nearly to the crown. His eyes are blue, sinister in their expression, and deeply set, close under an overhanging brow. Eyebrows slightly arched—nose of ordinary size, broad at the bottom and slightly turned up at the end, showing the nostrils at a front view. His mouth is large, square, and marked with a decided firmness of expression. His chin is broad, and stained deeply with the roots of a heavy beard. His complexion is fair, inclined to be ruddy, but pale from confinement. His hair, which is scanty, is rather light in color, and is parted on the left side. His age is about fifty. He has a quaker-like look in his present dress, and his general appearance is staid, sedate and respectable. His gait is slow and measured, from the effects of his age.

As it may be a fact of some interest for the lovers of moral philosophy, and those who are fond of analyzing the sentiments, it may not be improper to mention that, notwithstanding her present situation and domestic connections, the former Mrs. Smith has posted from the north to this vicinity, in consequence of the above arrest, and now awaits the developments in relation to her former partner's fate, in this city.

OWNERS OF WATCHES.—All owners of valuable watches should make it a point, immediately upon their purchase, to transcribe their number and the maker's name upon some private memorandum, so that upon their loss by theft or inadvertence, they may furnish a description which may lead to the detection of the thief or the recovery by other means. This rule would be a wise precaution, if applied to all other kinds of valuable property.

National Police Gazette.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1945.

LIVES OF THE FELONS.—On the first page will be found, under the above heading, the life of Smith, the celebrated Bank Robber. Following it in due course, will be given, sketches of other notorious members of the same genus, whose numerous depredations have for the past twenty or thirty years marked the chronology of the criminal departments of this country.—That the public may have a faint idea of the numbers and character of this class, we will name a few that come first to hand, whose lives will illustrate the successive stages of our gallery. They are all Englishmen, who have for years made this country the scene of their nefarious operations.

Ned Hammond.
Doctor Mitchell.
John Whitehouse, alias *the Duke*.
Jack Gibson.
Harry Brown.
George Williams, alias *Slappy*.
George Howell.
John Webb, alias *Williams*.
Charley Webb.
Wm. Thompson, alias *Seal*.
Thomas Walker.
Jack Cadolia, alias *Sheeny*.
Wm. Fish, alias *Abby*.
Jim Rose.
Schmidt, alias *Dutchy*.
The French Captain, or *Big Frenchman*.
George Barnes.
Jack Brummy.
Phil Brummy.
Charley Turnley.
Jack Williams.
Tim Hughes.
Old Charley Garritts, alias *Wheeler*.
George Mason.
Stuttering Charley, alias *Harper*.
Bill Hoppy, alias *Thetford*.
Bob Pinkerton, alias *Long Bob*, alias *Robert Knight*.
Charles Morgan, alias *Charley Roper*.
Joseph Murray.
George Morton, alias *Shoemaker George*.
Jack Hatfield.
Mike Newsam, alias *Mike Newton*.
Jack Shaw.
Charley Cooper, alias *Black-eyed Charley*.

In addition to the above, we shall give the lives of "Madame Restell" and "Madame Costello," the abortionists, and several "Mock Auctioneers" and "Policy Venders."

We shall extend this list from time to time, until it embraces every rascal in the category.

THE INVISIBLE PURSUER.—A case occurred in England not long ago, which demonstrated the value of a Police Gazette, as completely as the detection in the case of the recent Salt-Hill murder did the efficacy of the magnetic telegraph. A murder of almost unexampled atrocity had been committed in the vicinity of London, upon a woman and her two children, and no clue could be obtained of the perpetrator of the deed. Public horror was at its height, and every degree of human ingenuity and effort was put in requisition to solve the hideous mystery. At length a clue was got, and a day laborer, who lived in a house adjoining the deceased, and who had absconded a few days after the commission of the crime, was suspected. The London Police Gazette immediately obtained a description of his person, and sent it in the columns of its numerous issue to every part of the United Kingdom and the Colonies. Three days after this publication, and ten after the murder, an

aged magistrate of the county of Cavan, Ireland, sat before his door at the decline of day, and commenced the perusal of the papers which the last mail had brought from London. He came to the Police Gazette, and noticed the account of the London murder. Shuddering with natural horror at its atrocity, he re-read the description of the suspected person. While thus engaged, a shadow glanced across the sheet, caused by the figure of a man passing between him and the sun. He raised his eyes carelessly, as one will in cases of casual interruption, but was suddenly paralyzed by the appearance of the figure before him. It appeared as if the monster of his imagination had been suddenly conjured into life, and had slipped from the columns of the journal to glare upon him as a hideous reality. In the next moment, alarmed at the old man's stare, the object slipped away. It was too late—the silent spirit of the press had performed its office. The alarm was given, the fugitive overtaken, and, bound with cords, the following day saw him on his way to the capital, to fulfil upon the scaffold the murderer's doom.

MOCK MERCHANTS, OR FALSE PRETENDERS.—The number, the ability, the profound combination, and the address of this class of swindlers, has long been the fruitful complaint of honest dealers, and of the frequent animadversions of the city press. Still, they go on increasing from year to year, and scarcely a decade of the calendar goes by unmarked by some enormous fraud which speaks the history of their progress. The natural guards against this are the prompt and decisive action of the law, the fearless and unflinching exposure of the press, and the caution and discrimination of the merchant himself. From the imbecility and laxity of the first of these means, we have but little to expect; the second, trammelled and brow-beaten by vexatious and illiberal restrictions, is cramped of half its force; and, abandoned to his foes, the honest dealer is thrown back for his whole reliance on the third. As far as any press may, however, we are determined to make war upon these genii, and mete out to them the same measure of exposure that stamps the infamy of the less accomplished felon; and we shall expect, in our endeavors, such assistance from those whose cause is served, as shall help to sustain us in the task.

This class of swindlers, though composed of the natives of all countries, is an example of a most harmonious incongruity. Each seconds the other in his practices upon a fair dealer, with all the ardor and energy that could be inspired by the worst cause or the liveliest interest; and whether or no they effect a personal gain by their exertions, they regard his victimization as a special triumph. This does not proceed exactly from the substantive villany of the heart, but from a sort of infatuation or passion which imbues the minds of all who gamble with danger, and stake their hopes upon continual and fearful risks. Crime of all kinds inflicts its heaviest penalty in an irretrievable debasement of the sentiments and principles.

Neither the design of the present article nor our space will permit us now to enter far into the ramifications of their mercantile witchcraft and diablerie. A single example, therefore, for the present, must suffice.

One of their most distinguished members—a German, and a man of most remarkable ability—was one day sauntering down Pearl street, penniless and dispirited. His operations had for a long time been unfortunate, and he had, on several occasions, in the few preceding days, given himself up to profound reflections as to which was the most discouraging abyss to

regard face to face—the fathomable depths of Albany Basin, or the unfathomable depths of his own pocket. He paused before a large warehouse, and the contemplation of its ample store of goods inspired a re-action. His energies began to stir within him, and, in the desperation of the moment, his old enterprize revived.

"How much do you ask a gross for these brogans?" inquired he of the first clerk, as he hustled into the store.

"\$162," was the answer.

"I want three gross; can't you make them less?"

"Well, we'll say \$160."

"Ah, that will do. Well, sir, what are your terms?"

"Cash."

"Ah, I prefer four months. For these articles we get such long returns, and money is now so very scarce."

"What is the name of your house, sir?"

"Weiderman & Co. We can furnish you with reference in abundance and you can satisfy yourselves very readily of the sufficiency of the firm." Mr. Weiderman & Co. then gives the names of four or five congenial mercantile Funks, and urges the dealer to attend to the matter at once, as he wishes the articles on the morrow. He then flies to the stores of each of the confederates to whom he has referred (and for whom he is ready to do the same favor whenever required,) describes the personal appearance of the dealer and his clerks, and bids all hands to look business-like when any of them appears.

By and by the dealer makes his appearance and all the loungers of the establishment fly to their pens. The ledger, the cash book, the day book, are successively taken down and put up by one another, while a distracted clerk starts from his desk, smacks a pen crosswise in his jaws, and hustles to a distant shelf to lose himself in a bundle of accounts.

"Is either of the firm of *Rouge & Noir* in, sir?" inquires the merchant, approaching the desk.

"Yes sir, I am the senior of that firm," replies the gentleman addressed, with a short business nod. "Wait a moment if you please, sir. Charles, take this check to the Merchants' bank and get me four 100's and the rest in 10's! Quick now, for I want to go out as soon as you return. Now sir, I am at your service."

"Sir, I called to make some inquiries as to the firm of Weiderman & Co."

"Ah, yes, sir; sit down, sir; sit down!"

"Do you know them, sir?"

"Oh yes, very well, we have had dealings with them, sir."

"Are they good?"

"Why, sir, you see, these are very uncertain times, and a man who is good to-day, may not be good to-morrow. One can't tell who to trust or who to recommend. In this case however—William! take the ledger and see how much we have credited Weiderman & Co. In this case, however, sir, I think you might safely—How much did you say, William?"

"\$964 on the 9th, and \$714 27 on the 13th, sir," answers William.

"In this case, however, sir, I think you might trust them for—but how much is the amount of your bill, sir?"

"\$450."

"Oh for such an amount as that, they are always good! Henry, run down to Baudouine's & Rouleau's and tell them to get out those 14 pipes of Madeira and have them ready for transport at once. Good morning, sir."

At the next place, while making inquiries, a clerk bursts in with a fist full of spurious bank notes, which he ostentatiously counts down as the first instalment of

Weiderman & Co. on that coffee; and thus the deluded dealer runs the fatal round from one to another until he is snared and the goods obtained from him with a regular bill of sale by Messrs. Weiderman & Co.

There is scarcely a day unmarked by such a depredation as the above, and yet the system is carried on in despite of the law, and in safe defiance of its power. The bill of sale legalizes the transfer of the property, and of the false representations of the swindler's confederates, the dealer has no testimony but his own. We shall turn to this subject frequently. In the mean time we should feel obliged to any merchant for authentic information concerning any of the class.

LOTTERY POLICY GAMBLING.—The recent robbery of Tiffany, Young & Ellis, of Broadway, by their colored porter, has presented another example of the thousand already in existence, of the ruinous effects of policy gambling, not only on the pecuniary condition of its infatuated victims, but upon their moral character.

Policy gambling is a system which was invented by petty dealers to accommodate the passions of the poor, and to afford them the luxury of taking a pinch of indulgence admeasured to the extent of their capital, and their capacity to be ruined. The game is founded on the regular drawings made in other states, and the vender is himself the banker. For instance, out of 60 numbers put into the wheel, ten are to be drawn forth; out of 75 twelve, and so on according to the variations of the "scheme."

The poor, who out of their meagre earnings, cannot afford to purchase an expensive ticket, go to a dealer, and bet him one shilling, or one dollar, (for the scale can be enlarged or reduced at pleasure,) against five, that number 6, or any other specified, will be among those drawn. The banker takes the offer, notes it in his book, and gives the player a memorandum of the bet upon a slip of paper, until the decision of the wager by the drawing of the lottery. These bits of paper are what are called "policies." We will give one of these taken from the person of John Holmes as a specimen:

Pokomoke and Delaware.

1.....	1st.....	for \$20
2.....	1st.....	do. \$20.
25.....	1st.....	do. 20s.
4.....	1st.....	do. 20s.
5.....	1st.....	do. 20s.
10.....	1st.....	do. 30s.
9.....	1st.....	do. 20s.
66.....	1st.....	do. 20s.
7.....	1st.....	do. \$5
1, 3.....	saddle for.....	20s. or \$3.
25, 4, 6.....	gig for.....	30s. or \$4.
10, 66, 7.....	do.....	30s. or \$4.
9.....	1st.....	for 20s.

If the chosen number comes out and the dealer is "hit," he loses but four shillings, having previously received one for the risk—while it is six chances to one against the player. If more sanguine in his character, the player wishes to take a more desperate risk, in the hope of a heavier return, he bets his shilling, or his dollar, that number 6 will not only be among those drawn, but it will be the third, or fourth, or last one out of the wheel. By this arrangement it will be perceived that the risk is enhanced immensely, and the banker accordingly, if "hit," promises a return of 60 for 1. These latter are called "*station numbers*," because their station in the slip is indicated, and the former ones are called "*day numbers*," because it is sufficient for the player if they be out anywhere on the day's drawing. More recent efforts of genius in the science of policies have invented "horses," "gigs," "whips" and "saddles," but those being fancy combinations, requiring an elaborate description, they would only occupy unnecessary space, and moreover are not requisite to our present purpose.

Previous to 1832, this system of insur-

ance was but little in vogue, the needy then generally making it a rule to save their earnings to accomplish the purchase of a ticket; but when the legislature of 1832 abolished lotteries in this state, it rapidly extended, and was seized upon with avidity both by bankers and players, to avoid the pains and penalties of the statute. Men of extensive capital, who had formerly been heavy dealers in the ticket traffic, adventured into this new speculation, and others, guaranteed by the immense percentages, commenced, upon a visionary basis. Among the former and latter of these classes who became most distinguished in the trade, were Baker, Judah, Webber, Cole, and Petty. The rates were then fifteen cents for a station number of \$5, which allowed a profit of 57 per cent.

The immense profits of this business and the rapid fortunes the above dealers were making at it, aroused the cupidity of a horde of speculators, who rushed into the field. The result of this extensive competition was a reduction of the rates in 1838 of 39 to a shilling. At length, they were brought down to 8 pence, and the dealers' harvest consequently is now reaped at the rate of about 31 per cent.* Enticed by the facilities which this offered for the gratifications of their passion for gambling, new players were won to the infatuation every day, and at the present time it embraces within its fatal influence, in addition to thousands of our poorer white population, almost every negro, whether male or female, in the city.

The results of this are easy to be seen. Its deluded and infatuated victims, unable to satisfy its exorbitant demands by their legitimate earnings, yield to its corrupting influence, and commence pilfering from their employers. Step by step they wade deeper and deeper into crime, until advancing beyond the limit of precaution they are engulfed in ruin.

The miserable victim is then consigned to the horror of a cell, and subsequently to a convict's doom, while those who are chargeable with his guilt, those who suborned him by their devilish traffic into crime, curse him for a "d—d black rascal," and riot in the avails of his plunder. We do not hesitate to say, and we believe facts will bear us out in the assertion, that nine-tenths of the crime and prostitution of the colored classes of the city are produced either directly or indirectly by policy gambling. Examine our prisons, and see if the history of their inmates will not attest the fact.

Is this then any longer to be endured? Are the authorities of our city any longer to foster these jackals, by tolerating their nefarious practices? Is the statute to be defied and the law mocked, by a horde of villains who cluster like flies in every street where poverty has shrunk to its abode, and where gasping labor can be extorted of its pittance in the vain hope of casting a golden anchor in the future? What lacks, good Messieurs of the sword and scales? Cannot even-handed Justice, who bestows her slashing strokes so liberally upon the impoverished and friendless victim, make one of her six cuts over the costards of this contemptible banditti. Do we live under laws, or is ruin and defiance licensed to grin from the bow windows of five thousand dens of plunder without rebuke, while a force of eight hundred men loaf by turns on grocers' barrels, or hang about hydrants to pass soft compliments to errand servant maids, or waste their tremendous energies upon the apprehension of wandering drunkards? Is there no one man in the country, in remembrance of his oath, bold enough to step into these nurseries of crime and cry "Forbear to violate the law!" Why do not Grand Juries act without delay?

* This is a per centage above that of the roulette wheel.

We wish our Editorial brethren to understand that the copy-right taken out for our paper, extends only to the "Lives of the Felons."

INTERESTING TRIALS.—The Court of General Sessions commenced its term on Monday last. It is probable that Schermerhorn, Ashley, and Higgins, will be tried for forgery, during the term, and Coulter, Bartlett & Co., for their extensive false pretence operations. Also, Madame Costello, for abortion, and Smith, Davis, and Cupid, for the robbery of the Poughkeepsie barge. The trials of each of these parties will be fully reported in our columns, and extras published each afternoon, when public interest demands the expense.

HOUSE THIEVES.—There is no class of thieves more numerous than these, and certainly none which more safely and successfully practice depredations. In guarding against them, house keepers would do well to look after their servant girls. Their most common method of obtaining the secrets of the establishment, is by ingratiating themselves with the females of the kitchen, and through their unwary gabble to learn every particular worthy of their knowledge. The unsuspecting girl, flattered by the attention paid to her, is frequently induced to admit the designing wooer surreptitiously at a late hour, and after a robbery is committed, and he comes again, she tells him the story of the loss with wondering eyes, and perhaps cautions him against breathing to a soul that she left the door unbolted for his admission. If she suspects him she keeps it secret, in safety to her own character. This is the simple explanation of the cause of the number of these kind of robberies, and if citizens, while they were wondering at the facts had directed their attention a little more to causes, a deal of mischief might have been prevented and their blind amazement reduced to rational philosophy. Let them therefore look to the kitchen, as well as the front entrance, and the main passages, and our word for it their risks will lessen and their losses decrease.

PANEL THIEVES.—Of late the public have been troubled very little about these rogues. This is not because they have decreased in number or fallen off in their depredations, but because experience has taught certain police officers, that heretofore they have sacrificed their interests to too persevering a prosecution of some of the industrials of the above class. They have lost two or three thousand dollars a year by the incarceration of "French Jack" in the Washington prison. Aleck Hoag's confinement at Sing Sing takes off nearly double that amount, and the transfer of Jack Cherry to Philadelphia and the profits of his business to the police of that city, has cut off another large source of income of those of our ex-officers who followed the panel "lay." They have remedied this, however, by a more discreet system of procedure, and instead of giving way to a foolish adherence to duty, they wisely compound the offence with the rogue on a division of the plunder, and spare themselves the trouble of an arrest and a subsequent attendance at the Grand Jury. Hence the few arrests of the rogues of this "lay." How far the officer is excusable for turning the plunder into his own pockets, which would otherwise only find its way into the hands of grasping Tombs lawyers or corrupt bail-masters, we leave the public to judge, but that the science of the officer consists in adroitly letting go, instead of taking in, there can be no shadow of doubt. The

Fulton and Cranberry sta. Brooklyn. 011-122



PROSPECTUS.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.—It is the intention of the Publishers of this sheet to issue weekly, and should circumstances warrant it, oftener, a newspaper under the above title, devoted to the interests of criminal police. The necessity of such an instrument to assist the operations of the department, and to perform that species of service which does not lie within the scope of the present system, will make itself apparent at a glance. Our city, and indeed the whole country, swarms with hordes of English and other thieves, burglars, pick-pockets, and swindlers, whose daily and nightly exploits give continual employment to our officers, and whose course through the land, whatever direction they may take, may be traced by their depredations. These offenders, though known to our most experienced members of the police, are entirely protected from the scrutiny of the community at large; and the natural result is, that the unconscious public are in continual contact with miscreants who date their last stationary residence from the walls of Newgate, the shores of Botany Bay, or who have but recently left the confines of our own State Prison.

It is of the first importance that these vagabonds should be notoriously known. The success of the felon depends mainly upon the ignorance of the community as to his character, and until a system be adopted which will effectually hold him up to public shame and irrevocable exposure, the public will still remain at the mercy of his depredations, and nine-tenths of his fraternity go scot-free of any punishment.

Suffering under the continually increasing evils which the immunity thus enjoyed by large classes of offenders has encouraged, plan after plan has been devised, and system after system to reform and remedy projected. The throes of years, and the undisturbed travail of a thousand brains, instead of resulting in the adoption of new, bold, and original measures, has merely eventuated in the remodelling of a department. The press—the mightiest conservator of social welfare—has been left from the category of appliances, while every other branch of civil polity feels the force of its protective surveillance.

In France, and the other nations of continental Europe, gigantic and penetrating systems of police, the regulation of passports, and the continual surveillance of a numerous and energetic *gens d'armes*, have obviated the necessity of special departmental journals; but in England, where a more liberal system of civil regulation rejects such checks upon the freedom of the subject, the Government finds it politic, nay necessary, for the performance of such services as are beyond the accomplishment of mere physical energy, to maintain an organ of their own. The results of this line of policy may be seen in the extensively beneficial influences which their "Police Gazette" exercises throughout their realm, and which it extends unto this side of the Atlantic.

The object of our Police Gazette will, therefore, be to supply the deficient arm of our criminal police by an organ which will communicate familiarly with the public upon all the statistics of the department, whether secret or otherwise, and which will make them conversant with the modes and means in continual operation against the safety of their property. The success of felons depends mainly, as we said before, upon the public ignorance of their persons and pursuits. It will be our object, therefore, to strip them of the advantages of a professional incognito, by publishing a minute description of their names, aliases, and persons; a succinct history of their previous career, their place of residence at the time of writing, and a current account of their movements from time to time. By this means, the most dangerous offenders, the knowledge of whose infamy has slept for years in the bosoms of a few tenacious officers, will be spotted from one end of the Union to the other, and every community throughout its length and breadth be put upon its guard against them. The peculiar stock in trade of the officers will be made the common property of the public; and the felon, branded with his shame, will be pointed out on all sides, and be stripped of the social impunity which mainly emboldened him to offence. The result of an active adoption of this course must

therefore necessarily be to drive all resident rogues to a more safe and congenial meridian, and to deter all floating tribes of vagabond adventurers from embarking to a region where an untiring and ubiquitous minister of public justice stands ready to hold them to the public gaze until they become powerless from the notoriety of their debasement.

To render the design of the proprietors generally serviceable to the whole country, it is their intention to open a correspondence with the principal cities and towns of the United States, and, as soon as their arrangements will permit, to extend it to the police departments of Paris and London, for the purpose of effecting a regular exchange of criminal intelligence.

In addition to this criminal way-bill and journal of export and import, weekly histories will be given, under the title of "LIVES OF THE FELONS," of notorious professional offenders, which will comprise in its gallery of notoriety more of the philosophy of character and a larger fund of startling and romantic incident than all other schools of biography and ingenious fiction combined.

The "National Police Gazette" will likewise be a vehicle, by its advertising columns, for the discovery of property lost, description of unclaimed goods taken from suspected persons, and for all the various objects connected either remotely or immediately with police affairs.

To render the Gazette of absolute necessity to the whole business community, it will contain a full and accurate list of all new counterfeits, fraudulent and altered bank notes.

The advantages thus possessed by this journal, will be at once apparent, as the knowledge of a new counterfeit is almost always first obtained by the police of the various cities with whom the publishers of this paper will be in daily correspondence.

Such are some of the features, and such some of the objects which have induced the proprietors of this journal to embark in their present enterprise.

They therefore confidently rely upon the patronage of the public as the natural assistance for their undertaking, making them the promise, that if they do not fail in their part of the obligation, we shall not omit fulfilling ours.

ENOCH E. CAMP,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 27 Centre street, near Duane.

Respectfully informs his numerous friends in this city and elsewhere, that the increase of his professional business has compelled him to engage the assistance of one of the most accurate attorneys of the New York Bar, who will always be found at his office, in his absence. He therefore solicits a continuance of the favors conferred upon him in all cases where legal services are required, as his fees will be found to be reasonable, and all business entrusted to his charge will be conducted with promptness.

INDEPENDENT POLICE OFFICE.

No. 48 Centre Street, NEW YORK.—The undersigned most respectfully inform the citizens of New York that they have established an office at the above mentioned place, for the purpose of transacting both Criminal and Civil business. They will devote their undivided attention to the recovery of all kinds of property which has been obtained by False Pretence, Forgery, Burglary, or by any other dishonest means, and are always ready, at a moment's warning, to travel to any part of the United States. They are grateful for the patronage already received, and from their long experience in Police business, feel assured that they will continue to do as they already have done—giving full satisfaction to Banking Institutions, Insurance Companies, Merchants, and Citizens generally. They will receive communications from any part of the United States or Europe, and will promptly attend to the same in strict confidence and with dispatch.

GEORGE R. ELYA,
WM. B. BARBER,
RANSOM BEMAN.

New York, Sept. 20.—1845

Merchants' Vigilance Association.
Organized to investigate and expose abuses in trade, to prevent frauds, and punish the fraudulent.

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Extract from Sec. 5 of the Constitution: "Any Merchant of good standing may become a member of this Association, on being proposed to the Directors, and no objection being made thereto."

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This preparation will be found the greatest and most valuable discovery in the annals of medicine, frequently effecting a cure in the short space of three or four days.

The following flattering testimonials from an eminent medical practitioner, fully sustains the high character of this infallible medicine:—
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Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by
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WILKES' HISTORY OF OREGON, GEOGRAPHICAL AND POLITICAL.

Embracing an Analysis of the old Spanish claims, the British pretensions, the United States title; an account of the present condition and character of the country, and a thorough examination of the project of a NATIONAL RAILROAD, FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

BY GEORGE WILKES.

To which is added, a Journal of the events of the celebrated Emigrating Expedition of 1843; containing an account of the route from Missouri to Astoria, a Table of Distances, and the physical and political description of the Territory, and its settlements, by a Member of the recently organized OREGON LEGISLATURE.

The whole concluding with an Appendix, containing the Treaties, Diplomatic Correspondence, and Negotiations between Spain, Russia, Great Britain, and the United States, in relation to the North-West Coast.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

For sale at the office of the "National Police Gazette," No. 27 Centre street, and at the book stores.

WILDER'S PATENT SALAMANDER SAFE.

The high reputation that these nonpareil Safes had acquired at the burning of the Tribune Buildings in February last, and other previous trials, has been fully sustained in the late great conflagration in New York, on the 19th July, 1845. And the perfect security afforded by Wilder's Salamander in this unlooked for event, has been realized and acknowledged. To copy all the certificates had on this occasion, would make this advertisement too lengthy, but they can be seen at any store, together with some of the safes, which preserved the books and papers in the great fire, as also the Tribune Safe.

The genuine Wilder's Salamander Safe can only be had of the subscriber, warranted free from mould, (an objection to the first made by Wilder.) All secured by good thief-detecting locks. Persons ordering safes can have their interior arranged suitable to their books and papers, by applying or addressing the subscriber at his Iron Safe Warehouse, 139 WATER street, corner of Depeyster, New York.

SILAS C. HERRING.
N. B.—Second hand Safes for sale very low.
sept20—1m

FALL FASHIONS.

BLOOMER'S FALL HATS

Are now ready, and he invites attention to them, as being all that the greatest devotee of fashion could require. He does not pretend to give the dimensions of the brim, the curve, the height of the crown, or the width of the binding. Twenty-six years' experience has taught him that one shape Hat will not suit every form of face, and he has found none yet who are willing to sacrifice all appearances to the fashion. His hats are made to suit the style of the heads, and while he yields to none in point of taste or style, he ventures to assert with perfect confidence that no one wearing his hats would be called out of fashion. He invites an inspection and trial of his hats, confident that in point of style, finish, material, and workmanship, they are equal to any in the city, while they are sold at the extremely low price of THREE DOLLARS, the price of other dealers being "four."

His assortment of Gentlemen's and Children's Caps, of the most beautiful style, is very large, and together with every article in the line, are offered at greatly reduced prices.

E. BLOOMER.
Clarendon House, 304 Broadway.

S. W. BENEDICT, WATCH MAKER.

No. 5 WALL STREET, (NEAR TRINITY CHURCH.)

Has removed from the Merchants' Exchange to No. 5 Wall street, where he has opened an entire new stock of Watches, and hopes to continue the reputation he has had for the last fifteen years for selling fine watches. No pains or expense has been spared on his new Regulator, and the public can rest assured of its keeping the correct time. All of the Wall street express, and most of the steamboats and railroads start by it. He has made a permanent arrangement with Mr. Cotter, who has been foreman for him for the last three years, and great care will be given to the repairing of fine watches. T. F. Cooper is supplying him with his best Chronometer and Duplex Watches, which will be sold as low as if purchased of him in London: he has also the Anchor Escapement Watch, a very handsome pattern for ladies, together with Roskell's, Tobias', and Beesley's Lever Watches. Spoons and Forks warranted sterling silver, French mantel and office Clocks, Jewelry, &c. Mantle Clocks repaired by an experienced workman, and warranted.

LOST—FIVE DOLLARS

REWARD.—On Friday, the 12th, between Flushing, Astoria, and Williamsburgh, L. I., a double case Silver Watch, with enamel dial, and steel watch chain attached, and an old fashioned gold key—maker's name Robert Davy, Kenninghall, No. 2464—by leaving it at Mr. HOVER'S, Flushing Hotel, Mr. J. COREY, 302 Division street, or at this office, will receive the above reward.

\$10 REWARD.—Lost in

or about the City Hall, a small blue wallet, with a gilt stripe on the edge, containing from fifty to fifty-five dollars in bank bills, chiefly on the National Bank, New York, one, two, three, tens, &c.; a written memorandum, together with a copy of an answer to a suit in Chancery, entitled Joseph L. Lewis, vs. John Anthon. The above reward will be paid for the recovery of the property, on application at this office, or to 23 John st. near Fulton, or to Mr. LEWIS, the engraver.

LOST, on Sept. 1st, be-

tween the landing place of the steamboat Saratoga and the canal packet at White Hall, a dark brown trunk, with yellow leather binding outside, and a yellow ticket, with the words "Swiss Bell Rings" printed thereon; also a Champagne bag set, with rope hinges and rope fastening, to which a small brass pad-lock was attached, containing a quantity of boots and shoes, the property of McKerritt, the comedian. A suitable reward will be offered for the recovery of the property on application at this office, or to WM. CORBYN, 73 Hudson street.

TO LANDLORDS & ATTORNEYS.

SHERIFF'S NOTICE.
The Sheriff of the city and county of New York, and his Deputies, would respectfully notify the Landlords and Attorneys of this city, that they are prepared to execute Landlord's Warrants and the foreclosing of Chattel Mortgages, with punctuality and despatch. Application to be made at the Sheriff's office, room No. 21, City Hall. WM. JONES, Sheriff.
New York, Aug. 13, 1845.



The public are respectfully informed that at the above establishment may be found MECHANICS' and ARTIZANS' TOOLS, in almost endless variety. The subscriber having made it his study to ascertain where the best and cheapest implements used by mechanics are produced, and having thus far given great satisfaction to those who have selected from the stock he has collected together, he is induced thus publicly to inform all seeking such an establishment, that they can now find at one place nearly every tool and implement used by mechanics in almost every branch of business, and having adopted the ONE PRICE SYSTEM, (the only honest system,) as the rule of guidance in his business, purchasers may rely upon the lowest price which will afford a remuneration profit being fixed upon each article, and that whether they send an inexperienced person, or come themselves, they will be charged the same price for the same article. Having made the above remarks, it is needless to add, that the custom of such a best down price is not solicited; nevertheless, the subscriber does not expect all visitors to purchase his articles, but will at all times be ready to show them to all, whether they purchase or not. Coopers will find a large assortment of tools, all of which are warranted to give satisfaction, or the money will be returned. Planes, Saws, Plane irons, Chisels, and many other articles, are warranted in the same way. Warranted English cast steel Engravers' Tools, Buriniers, Scrapers, &c. A large assortment of the celebrated Tallyho Razors on hand, all warranted.—a printed warrantee accompanying each. Small and large Tool Chests furnished complete with tools, varying in price from 6 to 100 dollars, always ready. Strangers seeking this establishment, are informed that a painted flag, a fac simile of the above cut, hangs over the curb stone in front of the store; and they are particularly requested to notice this, as there are several wholesale hardware stores in the neighborhood, which might be mistaken for this establishment.

HENRY F. FAIRBANK, 44 Fulton street, between Pearl and Cliff sts.

STATE OF NEW-YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, July 23d, 1845.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York: Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the next general election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Senator for the First Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will accrue by the expiration of the term of service of Isaac L. Varian, on the last day of December next.

Also, the following County Officers, to wit: 13 Members of Assembly, and a Register for the said city and county in the place of James Sherman Brownell, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next.

At the same election, the sense of the people of this State will be taken in relation to the proposed convention, specified in act, chapter 152, entitled "An act recommending a convention of the People of this State," passed May 14, 1845.

And also at the same election, the following proposed amendments to the constitution of this State will be submitted to the people, viz:

"In relation to the removal of Judicial Officers."

"For the abrogation of the property qualification for office."

Yours respectfully,
N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New-York, July 28, 1845.
The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the statute in such cases made and provided for.

WM. JONES, Sheriff of the City and County of New-York.

All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors and passed for payment.

There is no use in saying that Rheu-

matism cannot be cured, for experience has proved to the contrary. The only thing is to get the right article to do it—that is, something that will operate upon the nervous expansions both internally and externally at the same time. Unless this is done, remedies may chase the disease all over the system forever, without curing the complaint. Now, the Indian Vegetable Elixir used internally, and the Nerve and Bone Liment externally, has precisely this desired effect, and never fails to cure. It is only to be had at 21 Courtlandt street.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE,

CIRCULATION, 8,600 COPIES.

Will be published, for the present, once a week, or oftener, if necessity demands, at the low rate of \$2 per annum, to mail subscribers, payable invariably in advance.

Agents forwarding \$5, will be entitled to three copies sent to their order, and in proportion for more.

An extra will be published at any time, either by day or night, if desired, containing descriptions of recently stolen money, drafts or goods, and the thieves suspected, which will be instantly forwarded to our numerous correspondents throughout the Union.

Advertisements published on reasonable terms.

All letters, to insure prompt attention, must be post paid, and addressed to CAMP & WILKES, Editors and Publishers, 27 Centre street.